fif me a hand," he said. "I will go to beinting again."
"Oht how can you talk of it so coolly!" she exclaimed with heartfelt solemnity and even with horror. "Don't you know that what you have done today is very wicked? Forgive me!" she added instantly, remembering how miserable he had been, and looking with pity at his wasted face. By the way, she talked very little of her Johnsonese to this man; for in the first place, she sup-posed that he, being a foreigner, might not understand it; and secondly, she had to be so earnest with him that only the simplest words seemed suitable.

What could I do?" he asked. gentleman may not pe a peggar. Pe-sides, I was not a bainter at home. Mein faders were to make of me a panker.
Bainting was merely my fancy. I had no hope of success in it. What could I do?"
"Will you promise to come to take

I bromise-upon my honor." "Remember, now-upon your henor!

He took her hand, and before she could guess what he meant to do, he kissed it. Notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his manner, notwithstanding that the action was obviously a mere expression of civility and gratitude, Janet Holcum, who had never before had her hand kissed, blushed again until it seemed to her that her hair was turning scarlet. Without noticing her confusion, this ragged gentleman said sweetly "Good night," and bowed himself out of the

From this good night forward Janet was burdened and blessed with another labor of love. She had a suicide to re-form; a soul without hope to fill with hope; a man without work to provide work; a lover of lager to satisfy with black tea; a brand to snatch from all sorts of burnings. It was not only a heavy load to carry, but a delicate one to handle. Her orphan, as she soon began to call him, must not eat in her room for fear of Mrs. Grundy. She must content herself with letting lim go to cheap restaurants for his dinner, and with occaally carrying him a cup of tea to wash down the dry bread which she knew was his only supper. As for converse, she firmly invited him to see her every Sunday evening; she sometimes droppe into his den to look at his work an cheer him on with it; oftener still, she took a walk with him in the hall or an evening promenade in the streets.

She was proud of herself, and yet ashamed of herself. It struck her as almost indelicate that she should support a man, especially a young and handsome one. Moreover, her labor of love was a fearful expense, compared with her small income. was soon obliged to draw on her savings bank deposit, and that had always been kept in a consumptive state by the needs of her girl cousin. At first sho thought of getting up a subscription for her painter, or of interesting some rich school committeeman in his behalf; but very shortly she took such a fancy to him that she did not want any one else to earn a claim to his gratitude; and so she went on paying out her savings for his necessi-ties. When winter arrived and fuel must be had, she bought jit for him, although he tried to do without. Next came an overcoat and a pair of mittens and some heavy underclothing, because she could not bear to see him walking the streets with a red nose and fingers. It was in vain for him to refuse; she absolutely forced him to take.

Meantime small profits from his brush. The picture which she had thought per-fect really had but five or six days' work upon it, and needed a month more. And when it was done it brought only \$25. R was of no use for her to scold the dealer for his sharpness, and to endeavor to move his pity by telling him the tale of the German's poverty. The man of art replied that it was not a known name; that paintings sold in the American market mainly by force of reputation; that he had his own living to make, and that she might take the mency or leave it.

'If he can do a figure picture, and do it first rate," said this rational monster, "I can be more liberal with him. There are so many landscapes! Every American

On this hint Ernst commenced a figure leture. It was his forte; he had simply ried a landscape because he had judged that to be the favorite genre in America; he had known that he could not hope to excel in it. A beautiful group was sketched, representing a scene from King Philip's war, the interior of a cabin, lighted by its own flames, a beautiful girl in the grasp of Wampanong warriors, a father and brother struggling manfully against her capters, and in the near back-ground, faintly seen through the shat-tered door, a coming relief of Puritan riders. Janet Helcum, the patriotic New Englander was delighted with what she thought already a perfect success, and wanted to sell the group as it was. "No," judged Ernst. "I cannot avvord

to waste virst impressions. This is the most divvicult bart of the bainting, though the quickest. But it will need a long time to make it goot enough. It will need all winter," he concluded, with a "Go on," she said, flushing with the noble heart beat of self sacrifice as she caught sight of this mute appeal. time I know you will triumph. V live till it is done." We can

"Heaven pless you!" he replied, taking her hand and kissing it by force. "You are the noplest woman upon the earth."

The kiss and the praise brought a deeper blush than one often sees on such a pale, sallow face as that of Janet. For we must come now to a weighty secret; we must ot content with dowering this poor stranger with her worldly wealth, Janet had already begun to give him the treas-uces which she had received direct from heaven. All the love which lies hidden in the heart of a good and pure old maid, all the vast abyss of sensibility which exists in a feminine nature that has found no natural outlet, had in her case been stirred to the profoundest the penniless, handsome, clever youth whom she had Useless to struggle against the infatuation; it had commenced too insidiously, as mere human ity; then it had crept on too slyly, in the se of mere charity. Oh, how cunning had been! All at once there was a flaming transformation, and she found herself the victim of a first passion, as much in love as if she were a young girl.
Resist? She tried in vain to do so.

Run away? She could not give up her po-sition, lest she should thereby fail to usin's education, and leave Once more, self sacrifice; complete her cousin's education though all her life had been a self sacrifice, she must go on with it; she must love and suffer and be silent. And so the mischief proceeded at a terrible rate, for every day added to its magnitude. What nobly conscious of his obligations, and profuse in thanks, in praises, in the most delicate and charming attentions. If he met her on the street he took his hat entirely off his comely head and saluted her as school ma'ams are not always saluted. If he walked with her he had the nir of escorting a duchess. He would leave his beautiful labor at any moment to greet her return to the house with a smile or to run on her errands. His whole deportment toward her was a continual burning

She had never before known such a fin-

never met a sweeter and finer nature. She comprehended at last that even his attempted suicide was a proof of his high self respect and sense of honor, inasmuch as it was an effort to escape from the degradation of living by incurring which he could not discharge. That stoi-cal declaration, "If I could haf baid my room rent I would haf gone on another month," seemed to her now something like a patent of nobility. Unaware of her own grandeur of character, she worshiped his grandeur of character. Finally, she worshiped his genius, which had begun to show her the universe of had begun to show her the universe of glory that there is in art, and which was able to seize ideas scarcely perceptible to her unpracticed esthetic vision, and place them before her in the resurrection robes

of drawing and color.

Ah well! she was desperately in love with him, and she could not help admitting it to her accusing conscience, and could not put aside the scornful finger of her sense of womanly shame. But did he know it? As yet she was sufficiently her-self to hope that he did not. Although self to hope that he did not. Although she could not meet him without feeling a blush run through her whole face, al-though his praises and the touch of his hand made her tremble from head to foot, she trusted that she was keeping her flery secret. And so she was: a young man does not easily suspect that a woman thir-teen years his senior has a passion for him; and if Ernst noticed her tremors and changes of color, he imputed them to woman delicacy and Puritan shyness. While Janet, locked in her own room, was looking in the glass at her pale face, high cheek bones, square jaws, straight mouth, and inciplent wrinkles, while she was wishing with both tears and shame that all that supportable plainness were beauty think of her at all, or only thought of her as his "goot vriend." His handsome countenance, now pink and white in color as well as classic in outline, was not shad-owed by the slightest cloud from the fires of love, unless indeed he remembered nov and then his lost jungfrau in faderland.

About the time that "The Rescue" (as Janet christened the scene from Philip's war) reached its finishing point, Ernst encountered an American artist named Stanley. Stanley was a portrait painter in high fashion, who made \$6,000 a year and spent it all on himself and some poor relations. Too generous and soft hearted to save money, he wanted to study in the galleries of Europe without ever having the first spare dollar for the voyage, and talked of launching into genre pictures or "high art" without ever being able to give up his pot boiling labor in kit-kats. The result of this existence, acting upon this kindly spirit, was that while Stanley envied the chances of more famous artists, he honestly admired their produc

Meeting Ernst at the Academy, he fell into chance conversation with him, liked his naive and badly pronounced but judicious criticisms, went with him to his lodgings and fell in love with "The Rescue." His florid face flushed crimson with enthusiasm as he exclaimed: "By Jovel you are on the road to fame. You needn't have apologized for your room. This picture furnishes it like a palace. I wish I was a poor devil. I wish I could live in this style and try to do something good. But I can't. I must dress in a certain way and go to certain parties and live in a certain quarter. If I didn't I should lose my run among certain people And then," he added, as he thought of his mother and aunt, "then there would be

Thenceforward Stanley came often to Ernst's room to watch the progress of "The Rescue" and to tell him that it was sure of success. It was not long, either, before he gave the young German another startling piece of information

That old girl down stairs is in love with



"That old girl down stairs is in love with you,"

"What old curl?" asked Ernst, staring with the calm innocence of a child. "Miss Holeum."

"I hope you are misdaken," replied the German, gravely and almost solemnly, as f he already perceived an awful duty be

"I should think you might see it," grinned Stanley, "I saw it the first even-ing we called on her. It was plain enough today when she traveled up here to loo without coloring and shaking.

was evidently in profound thought. You must be careful and not trifle with her young affections," Stanley con tinued, with a rather hard hearted smile, such as we accord to the heart troubles

"I shall not dryvls with them," replied Ernst, with a serionaness which silence the American.

During Stanley's next visit Ernst said to him: "I have peen seeing for myself, und I pelleve you are right." "Right? Oh, about the shadow?"

"No. Apout Miss Chanet Holcum, pelleve she is in love with me." "Well, what are you going to do?" langhed Stanley.
"I haf put one thing to do. If she

wish to marry me, I must marry her. owe her my life. I owe her this picture, which you say is goot. I had lived on her money. As a man of honor I must sacrifice myself to her; that is, if she wishes it. What else can I do?" "Good Lord! don't be a fool," remon

strated Stanley. "You don't love her, "I had the very highest respect for her

She is an atmirable woman." "Yes, I know, I suppose so, this is carrying respect and gratitude a little too far. She is twelve or fifteen years older than you. You could not be sappy with her. Come now! don't be

I will not be hasty. It all debends on whether she lofes me a great teal. We

When Ernst, convinced that Janet "lofed him a great teal," felt himself bound to declare an affection for her and ask her to be his wife, the poor, lonely, hitherto unloved girl was fairly broken down by the revelation. She burst into tears, threw herself on her old, hard sofa, buried her face in the threadbare cushion and sobbed out a spasm of mingled joy

"Oh! can this be true?" she finally burst forth, when she became conscious of his hand in hers. "Is it true?" she demanded, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "If it isn't, take it back. Don't tell it me any more. It would kill me to find out it isn't true-oh, it would kill

was the adorable falsehood of the chival She had never before known such a fin-ished gentleman: more than that she had life will not pay the debt. But I do not be replied, lost in maditation, his areas

msist upon marriage except when you wish it. You must chudge for yourself when it will be brudent."

At this moment Janet caught a view of herself in her mirror. Flushed with joy and love, she looked almost handsome, and it seemed to her for a moment that she was young and desirable. Drawn by Ernst's pitying embrace, she believed that it was the embrace of affection, and she let her head fall upon his shoulder with the words, "Oh, my darling!"

Henceforward they were engaged, bough when they would be married though when they would be mar neither of them could say, not even old and wise (only half wise) Janet. With her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful altogether of the hard past and careless often of the doubtful future. With him, life was a point of honor and of duty, an edience to self respect and a rendering of obligations. His ways were natur ally so caressing, and he was so conscien-tionsly assiduous in his attentions to her, that he thoroughly deceived even the suspiciousness of her humble and shy nature. In the main she believed en-tirely in his affection, amazing as the acquisition seemed to her, and much as she doubted her worthiness of it. It is quite possible that there was not at that time in New York a happier woman than this almost penniless old maid, betrothed to a young artist who was encumbered with debts, and who did not love her. Such are the joys of this world: half of them, at least, delusions; the other half transi-

At last "The Rescue" was sold. Stanwent with Ernst to the picture dealer's; demanded, with much pomp of manner, a private audience; exposed the can-vas in the best light, and asked \$500

"It is worth it," confessed Mr. Moineau

"Only there is no name. If you would put your name to it, Mr. Stanley!" "Mine! I am only a portrait painter." "Yes. But you are known. It would sell the picture."
"Gif him the name," interposed Ernst, with the eagerness of a beggar grasping

at alms. "It's a downright swindle," said the generous American. "I couldn't do sach a group to save my life. I wen't take the credit of it."

Both names?" suggested the dealer in It was agreed to; the picture went on the market as the joint production of Stanley and Hartmann. The latter, per-fectly satisfied, and indeed overjoyed, pocketed the \$500; the former, in spito of his private disclaimers, pocketed some-

ning considerable in the way of glory.
At Ernst's request Janet Holcum had opt a strict account of her expenses in s behalf; and although he had used sharp economy, the balance against him amounted to \$430. On reaching home, he went to her room, gave her a smile of he went to her room, gave her a simile of childlike joy in response to her smile of anxiety, and tossed the sum of his earn-ings into her lap. Instead of hailing his good fortune with gladness, she seemed to shrink from the money, laid it coldly on a table, rose to her feet with a pale face, and said in a strange voice, "Well-

you are free. "No, my tear Chanet," he replied. "I am your slave."
"That is not what I want," she stam-

mered, trembling visibly. "I cannot sub-mit to any such understanding. Mr. Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you your liberty."
"My tarling Chanet, what does this

mean?" asked Ernst, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him. "My self respect impels me to it," she said, beginning to cry. "I fear that you proposed to me out of a sense of obliga-tion. The obligation is now canceled. It was weak in me to accept you. I must make amends for it. Indeed, indeed I must-you are free."

The gentlest caresses, the sweetest pro-testations answered her and overwhelmed her fainting resolution. After a minute, and a very little minute it was, too, she and a very little familite it was conditions could not help letting her head go on his shoulder and sobbling out: "Oh! can I believe you? You make me so perfectly happy that I must believe you. Oh, you happy that I must believe you. Oh are my life, my all. I worship you.

For a week or more this sunshine of confidence and joy shone through an un-clouded heart. She loved her man-her first man, remember—gathered late in her maying—with a sort of double affection—the love of a betrethed and of a mother. And because he returned it, or rather be-cause she believed that he did, she felt that she owed him a life of gratitude, minent and every good work. She was amazingly influenced by him; one might almost say, revolutionized. A testetaler, believing that the wine recommended by Paul to Timothy was not intovicing the analysis of all deinkers of intoxicating, and that all drinkers of ale and cider deserved the names of tipplers and guzzlers, she found nothing hateful now in the smell of lager. A hater of tobacco, she filled Ernst's pipe. An admirer of Jehnsonian diction, she talked to him like a little child. There is no knowing whither this youth might not have carried this mature woman. She was infatuated. From one point of view, it was laughable; from another, it was beautiful and pathetic.

It is not in the nature of things that a woman of 38, who is engaged to a hand-some man of 25, should remain always calmly sure of her conquest. An even was approaching which was destined to cast upon this happy heart a shadow of uneasiness. As Janet ant, one holiday afternoon, beside her Ernst, watching the growth of meaning and beauty under his pencil, she said to him abruptly, "My little cousin will be here soon."

"So?" replied the painter without stopplng his work. "I must get her a bresent; shall it pe a toll?"
"A doll! She wouldn't thank you. She is 19 years old."

"So!" exclaimed Ernst, looking up in surprise. "Then she cannot pe fery 'I have got her a situation in my

school. She has finished her education and must begin to earn her living."

and must begin to earn her living."
"That is goot," smiled the artist. "We will make one family."
"My darling, I wanted to tell you"—
hesitated Janet. "We must say nothing about our engagement for the present. That is, I would rather you would not, if it makes no difference to you."
"Why?" asked the painter, stopping his

work and staring at her in surprise "Because," stammered and blushed this engaged old maid—"because I am ashamed. Not of you! Oh no, dearest. But she will think it so queer. And then it may never come to anything-we are so poor. At least it may be a long time first. Well, until our way is a little more clear before us, I would rather the engagement should be kept a secret. You

"No," replied Ernst, calmly, not under standing too well, and not caring quite Well," continued the shy and fastidious Janet, "then it shall be so. We will be just good friends in the eyes of Nellie

until-until it shall seem best to let her On the morrow arrived Nellie Fisher, a plump, lively, laughing little blonde, with eyes of a deep turquois blue, hair of the lightest and flossiest flaxen, a face somewhat broad and nose somewhat short, beautiful in the German peasant style, but undeniably beautiful. was present at the meeting of the two cousins, glanced at the visitor so frequently and with an expression so full of mysterious meaning, that Janet's interest was aroused. At the first chance for an she said to him, "Well, what do

you think of her?" "She looks like the one in Chermany,"

both tender and somber, his soul in other years and lands. Janet turned pale.

Does the reader divine what she fore

Well, it happened. Ernst's heart was empty. Janet did not inhabit it; had not even entered into it. The unnamed girl whom he had loved in Prussia had by heroic efforts been so far expelled from it that he did not desire ever again to see her. But her former residence there had so molded

the abode that any one who resembled her could seize upon it, occupy it, and fill it. What now happened to the young man was apparently love at first sight, but was really no more than the transferring of an old love to a new object. A week after he first met Nellie Fisher the thought of her could fill him with delicious reveries, while the thought of his troth plight to Janet Holcum was sufficient to make him meditate once more

And the girl? He and she met every day, and two or three times a day. spite of his conscientious efforts to con-trol himself, there was in his manner to ward her a tenderness, which, re-enforced by his beauty, his graceful address, and the glamour of his artistic ability, could not but move the heart of a child of 19, who had never hoped for so fine an ad-mirer. In a little while Nellie began to flutter at sight of him, and to pet him in spite of her flutterings.
"Isn't he charming?" she said to her

"Do you think so?" replied Janet, half gratified and half anxious.
"I really like his accent now. I thought is at first." 'So did I.

"So did I."
What does she mean?" queried Nellie,
marveling at this dryness and brevity.
"Oh, I suppose I know. He is poor, and
I am poor, and we mustn't—flirt. Well I suppose we-mustn't."
She went to the glass, looked at her

lily skin, wished her nose were longer, arranged her flaxen hair, and wondered whether he liked her. Do you know how you could flatter

me?" she said before long to Ernst.
"How?" he asked coolly, for she tempted him in a distressing manner, and he felt that he must allow himself no ex-"Oh! you don't wan't to do it," she re-

olied, with a little sunny pout which she had and which was irresistible. "I am sure I wish to blease you," he said, unable to bear her pout. "How can I flatter you?"
"You could put me into one of your

pictures."
"I should be charmed to do it," admitted the over tempted artist.

The next day the two women beheld Nellie's bewitching face, drawn and colored with all the fervor of an art which loves, smiling from Ernst's canvas. younger blushed and bridled with joy to see herself there and so beautiful; the elder wore a fixed, mechanical smile, and said repeatedly, "What an excellent like

He had never put Janet's face into his creations. She did not blame him for that; she believed that he could do noth ing agreeable with it; she surveyed herthe glass and sighed, "I am so But to see Nellie on that easel, painted by his hand and painted so well. was driving a dagger into her beating

remorse and self sacrifice, said to Janet in private, "I wish you would let me in-form Nellie of our troth plight. I think it would be petter."

She grew so faint, under the terrible revelation which he had unintentionally

made, that for a moment she could not answer him; and even when she spoke, it was only to ask for delay.
"Stop!" she said, pressing her hands

upon her eyes. "Let me think. I must consider this."
He offered to slide his arm around her

waist in his usual caressing style; but she gently stopped him, looked earnestly in his face, smiled with an unspeakable piteousness, and gently glided away; her whole manner saying, "Ah, my darling! you don't wish to do it, and why do you do it?"

"Is it possible that she gomprehends me?" thought Ernst, folding his arms and shaking his head with the air of a man who is trying to stand firm against him-self. He appreciated fully the self abnegation and heroism of Janet's character; he knew that if he once confessed to her that he did not love her, she would in-stantly free him from his engagement; and there was the image of Neilie plead-ing with him for his sake, if not for hers also to make the confession. He shook head and set his teeth until he had faced down the temptation, and had decided that, whether Janet permitted it or not he would inform her cousin of the

betrothal.

But during the day, while superintending her classes with her usual conscientious thoroughness. Miss Holeum also came to a decision. On reaching home in the afternoon she sent Nellie out on some distant errand, and then walked slowly up to Ernst's room.
"My tear Chanet! I am so glad to see

you!" he said, coming towards her with extended hands and his sweetest smile. My poor child, you look tired," he added, ing pityingly at her unusually pale.
There, sit down, und take some rebose. Do you see my bicture? I have

Raising her patient eyes to the canvas.

Janet perceived that the portrait of Nellie had been so altered as to be no longer recognizable. Throbbing with admiration for this man, who could divine her heart so perfectly, and who could do what must have been hateful to him at the mere bidding of his sensitive conscience, she rose up with suddenly flushed cheeks, seized both his hands, printed one hot kiss on his smooth, white forehead, and then

drow back, holding him at arms' length, in order to worship him.

"Ernst, I know what you have done," she said, firmly. "I thank you for your noble intentions. But sacrifice for sacrifice! It is my turn now. Ernst, my own derline was nown to worship." was born. darling, we must separate. I was born for you, but you were not born for me. We must end this engagement. I must end it, or despise myself. I do end it. I break it. You are free. There!" She tore herself away from him and attempted to rush out of the room.

"Chanet! Chanet!" he called, spring ng after her and seizing her in his arms. It must not pe so. You are the noplest woman on earth. I worship you. I cannot lose you."
"Oh, don't!" implared Janet, looking

up at him in despair, for he was taxing her almost beyond her strength. After a her aimest beyond her strength. After a moment, rakying all the power of her soul, she added: "See here, Ernst! let us speak the truth. Be you love madetter than you love any one-des?"

How could he have the seeming cruelty to answer her "No!" He did what most gentle hearted men would have done—he told here a pitcher self sacrificing false.

told her a pitying, self sacrificing falso hood. He said, "I do." See was too clear sighted to be deceived and too high souled to accept an unwill

Look at this Bible, Ernst," she con tinued, drawing from her pocket alittle Testament that never quitted her. "Put our hand upon it," and here, seizing his ingers, she clasped them around the book. "Now tell me whether you love me better than any other."

Cats Versus Rabbits. "You trife me into a gerner," replied the artist piteously. "Well, I swear. I swear that I respect unt atmire you more Cats are found to be the best extermi-nators of rabbits in New Zealand. They do great havor among the young ones, and in some sections scarcely a rabbit than other human peing.

enough? "Do you love Nellier" HIS LATEST TRICK.

and then once more leaned back from him

this had to end in a second troth plight

"I wanted to tignify the bainting,"

teacher in one of the schools of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

"Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the

tcorid.

still in this gountry. There is the men's Bureau schools in the south,

"Oh, it is too far!" implored the young

"People return from the south," she

It was the only complaint, the only cry

of despair that was uttered by this martyr,

at least in human ears.
When Stanley heard of Miss Holcum's

proposed departure he said to Ernst in

sionary. What' have you taken to ten? Oh, you clever dog! You know the difference between an old maid and a new

solemnity. 'I do not want you, one of my pest vriends to desbise me, und I want you to respect Miss Holeum as she ought to be respected. I will dell you

everything, and you must dell no one.

Before he had half finished his story of
the broken engagement Stanley rose from
his seat, dropped his eigar and walked up

and down the room, rubbing his eyes with

rator had ceased. 'If she wasn't in love with you. I'd be tempted to marry her

myself. She's not a chicken, and she's not a beauty, but she's pure gold." "She's a berfect lady und a grand gen-

The urgencies of the board sent Janet off to Ceylon before the marriage. Hart-mann and Stanley accompanied her as far as the Narrows, and then from the deck

of the tug watched her as she leaned over

the taffrail, waving farewell to friends

As the lonely figure of this loving, self sacrificing, heroic, sublime martyr faded from their sight the American said: "God bless her!" And the German added,

with his eyes full of tears: "Sancta Chanet, ora pao nobist"

THE END.

Well Up to His Lesson.

A Perfect Lifebout.

torial and an editorial paragraph?

-Harper's Bazar.

Chicago Herald.

his bands just like an affected boy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the

tleman in one," said Ernst.

and native land.

rprise:
"I thought she was to be your mis-enary. What! have you taken the mit-

'See here," said the German, with

'If you must go away, let it pe this gountry. There is the Freed

"I must go whence I shall never

potent impulse of the heart.

"Well, she will soon be in love with you," said Janet, with a last supreme effort. "Take her. Make her happy."

She had been leaning away from him. She now turned, with the revulsion of a billow thous her away around his nock. PRESS OPINION OF CLEVELAND'S RETALIATORY MESSAGE. billow, threw her arms around his neck, covered his face with kisses and tears,

Two Great Republican Journals Condemn the Bombastic Document, and a Third "That is the end of all between us," she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, totally un-like her usual utterance. "Henceforward Laughs at It-It is "Bad Diplomacy and Good Politics."

I shall do my duty, and you must help me do it. One thing—never tell Nellie this: it would darken her happiness. And now The New York Tribune says of Presi--good-by."
She dragged herself away from him, ran down stairs, and locked herself in her

dent Cieveland's message asking for power to retaliate on Canada:

A direct answer may be made to the president's message on the rejected treaty. He asked for enlarged retallatory powers, on the ground that those with which he has already been armed are inadequate. If he had enforced either of the retalia-"Mein Gott!" murmured Ernst, left to himself. "I shall lose a heart worth den tousand of mine. But it is petter. She is wiser. I could not lofe her. I should end by making her unhappy as now—und more so. She is wise for us poth." If he had enforced either of the retalia-tion acts he would have been in a position to decide whether they were or were not adequate for the protection of American interests. If he had availed himself of The next day, to the astonishment and the legislation already enacted and had found it insufficient, he would have been annoyance of Nellie Fisher, but by the positive dictation of Janet Holcum, the two women removed from their lodgings to a cheap boarding house. There was, justified in recommending more stringent measures. As it is, he simply begs the question. Having persisted in negotiathowever, one good thing about the change: the boarding house had a parlor where ing a treaty in opposition to the advice given to him at his request by the senate in 1886, and having Mr. Hartmann could be received with a sense of spotless propriety; and, what was delightful, he always had to be resystematically neglected to make use of the retaliation acts, he is not justified in the retailation acts, he is not justified in complaining that the powers conferred upon him are insufficient. Having abruptly decided to reverse his entire policy in dealing with Great Britain and Canadian corporations, it would have been more becoming if his message to excusing herself on pretense of business, illness, etc. One can easily see that all and that the parties to it could not be other than Ernst and Nellie. It was "petter;" youth must have youth; love must have love. In these bargains mero congress had been less defant and ag-gressive in tone. He has tried to have his own way and has made a wretched failure of diplomacy. In submitting to respect and gratitude are not a fair ex-change for the unreasoning, instinctive, Almost the first use that Nellie made of the will of congress, as expressed in the retaliation acts, meekness would have been a graceful virtue on his part. Acher betrothal was to run down to Ernst's tual experience from the operation of those acts ought to have preceded shrill

studio; entirely, she declared, to look at the new picture; but mainly, no doubt, to look at the artist. She, too, like Janet before her, observed a change in the per-sonages of the little drama. She had demands for additional retaliatory powers.
The New York Press says: President Cleveland's message upon the rejected fisheries treaty is by long odds the funnever known that her likeness had been obliterated, and she did not discover it now, for it had been restored in all its niest of the many exhibitions of himself which our Falstaffian chief magistrate beauty. But in the face of one of the principal female figures, a face which, though not absolutely handsome, was sublime with an expression of noble and has ever given to the public. For months he has been trying to scare the senate into accepting his diplomatic addled eggs by referring to the trouble he could n tender resignation—in this face, which looked up to heaven as if it had descended under the retaliation act of the last con-gress. That scheme having failed, he now, without using any of those powers, from thither, Nellie recognized the countenance of Janet Holcum. steps up jauntily and asks for more weapons with which to force England to "Why! you have get in Cousin Jennie, too," exclaimed the delighted girl. "Oh, you creature! you have made her finer

act justly by us.

This, of course, is a retaliation up the senate for rejecting his treaty. His heart was set upon paying the stakes for which Secretary Bayard played a game of diplomacy with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. "I wanted to tignify the bainting," said Ernst, simply, "with the bortrait of the pest woman in the world."
"Isn't she!" replied Nellie, pressing her face gratefully against his shoulder. "I am so glad you do her justice. I owe everything to her. Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the world."

The picture having been sold to Moineau for the large sum of \$750, it was decided that Ernst's prospects of success. But the people and the senate discovered that the latter used marked cards, and would not chime in with his scheme additional powers of retaliation which may be so used as to bring about a war.

The senate is not likely to be alarmed by this thunder and lightning talk. The presidential bluffer already has his boots cided that Erast's prospects of success were good enough to justify marriage. and Janet ruled that Nellie must go home and belt stuffed with retaliatory revolvers for that purpose to the residence of an old aunt in Connecticut. and sabers, and there is a retaliatory bowie knife down the back of his neck. The girl having departed, Janet felt able to have one interview with Harmann, not with the object of indulging in any He will not get into serious trouble if he gets a retaliatory cannon cracker besides If he wants retaliation acts, by al weak reproaches or bemoanings, but to means let him have them—not this alone, but as many more as he asks for. Then the country will see how quickly a law bid him a last farewell. She was going to Ceylon, she informed him, as English

can pass into "innocuous cunder an unpatriotic president. The Philadelphia Press, after remarking on the president's peculiar policy of using messages as campaign documents,

He is defeated on his free trade message. Even he knows it and his party in every doubtful state has seen it for a month. He tries a new tack. He starts a new issue. He appeals to national feeling, and he ranks himself and his administration-where an American executive and his cabinet should always stand—in de-fense of the rights and privileges of all Americans. But he does this on lines and in a way to get all the politics he can out

Continuing, The Press says: This is bad diplomacy and shrewd "politics." It may not be worthy of an American presineeds of the Democratic candidate. risks much for the nation, but it does all it can for the Democratic campaign. It has been possible, as we have said over still more after the retaliatory act of 1887 was passed to put pressure on Canada which she could not resist and against which Great Britain could make no effect-ual protest. This could be done by simply altering the treasury regulations for the transhipment of Canadian goods in bond. He has taken an international pose before all the world, defying Canadian lightning. Suppose-which is out of the question he were able by this "vigorous" attitu to get in a serious snarl with Great Britain in the next sixty days. What stock in trade this would be for a presidential candidate beaten in August on the ground he had chosen in December and chifting he had chosen in Pecchiner and calling the issue to a new field in the last two months of his campaign! What a chance to befog the economic issue between free trade and protection, on which the doubtful states are going one way, and the wrong way, for President Cleveland, with this new appeal! But this will not do. Mr. Cleveland has taken his ground. He will have to make his fight on it

Why They Want American Free Trade. The British export trade in 1983 was £109,000,000 less than it was in 1873, ten years before. The steady decline in that time was due to a great extent to the es-tablishment of protective tariff laws in some of the leading nations on the conti-nent. A similar decline in the ten years from 1883 to 1893 would practically de-stroy the foreign trade of the United Kingdom; hence the eagerness of the British manufacturer to have the rich markets of America-the best in the world-opened up to him. The loss on the continent would be more than recompensed.-Indianapolia Journal.

Postoffice thefts to nearly \$1,000,000 in Postoffice thefts to nearly \$1,000,000 in Chicago, extending over weeks; a robbery in New York of \$10,000, by an unknown thief having a duplicate key, which he has probably long used; the postoffice theft here; a widespread insecurity in the mails—these are all the natural, inevitable result of the clean sweep made by President Cleveland in the result across — Philadelphia Press.

Cleveland's "Reform" Showing.

postal service. - Philadelphia Press. Professor (of class in journalism)— What is the difference between an edi-Letters from the Queen. It is probably not generally known in this country that the queen of England never sends her personal correspondence through the regular mail as her subjects do. Everytrivial communication, whether of a personal or a private nature, is de-livered at its destination by a queen's messenger. Queen Victoria is the only living sovereign who indulges in this little piece of extravarance at the expense Student-An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger, and doesn't have as much to say. The field of invention is still open for a little piece of extravagance at the expense of her subjects. Private and unimportant erfect lifeboat. The Royal National Lifeboat institute reports that "medals letters from other potentates are sent like were offered for a mechanically propelled epistles from mere ordi post.—New York Truth. ordinary mertals, by lifeboat, but none of the various designs received fulfilled the requirements."-

Novel Electrical Phenomena

A California paper sups that a party who ascended Mount Lassen recently be-came electrified, the hair of their heads came electrified, the hair of their heads standing straight out and sparks of electricity figing from the ends of their noses and ingers. The phenomenon was occasioned by an electrical storm—Chicago Eradania.

Sire Grover, as he vetoed a pension bill. Sire Grover, as he vetoed a pension bill.

GOING, GOING, GONE.

The Prophesied Democratic Condition at Present Fails to Confront.

The "condition that confronts us" is

The "condition that confronts us" is rapidly disappearing. President Cleveland's pretext for startling the country with his free trade message was the growth of an unmanageable surplus. Instead of being content to pay off the national debt, as Republican presidents had been, he questioned the legality and expediency of purchasing of outstanding bonds, and converted the accumulations in the treasury into a significant menage to presperity that could only be averted by recourse to free wool and free trade. He declared that there would be a surplus of \$140,000,000 July 1 of this year, and that the annual excess of revenues over expenditures would not run short of \$60,000,000. This was "the condition," and in penditures would not run short of \$60,-000,000. This was "the condition," and in order to rescue the country from the fatal embarrassments of its own presperity ha proposed a revision of the tariff as "the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation." That revision on the lines presented by him was in-stantly recognized in England as a move-ment in the interst of free trude. Sev-eral London journals hastened to assure ment in the interst of fice trade. Several London journals hastened to assure the Democracy that under free trade there never would be any probability of a surplus, large or small. The condition under that theory, it was grandly promuder that theory, it was grandly promised, would no longer confront the country. But even without free trade the Democracy is finding out that the surplus is entirely manageable. A long session of congress alone is required in order to get rid of it.

A more comical situation was never known in American politics than the present plight of the Democratic party respecting the surplus. Last December the president portrayed the country as on the verge of indescribable disaster in consequence of that appalling surplus. Every free trader who addressed the house banked upon the surplus, figuratively specific, in order to have his atively speaking, in order to have its drafts upon the credulity of the country liquidated. The surplus has been the pretext for this entire campaign against American industry. Meanwhile, the American industry, Meanwhile, the Democracy has been piling up appropriations until there is said to be an increase of \$64,000,000 over these of last year, and the annual surplus of \$60,000,000 has dwindled to \$12,000,000. Speaker Carlisle and the Democratic leaders are at their wits end to explain how the Mills bill, if allowed to become a law, can have any other effect than that of creating a large annual deficiency in place of a sur-plus. It is their own theory that now

nfronts them.
"The condition which confronts us" having somehow mysteriously disap-peared, realous Democrats have various explanations to offer. The largest and noisiest faction says, "extravagant ex-penditures have exhausted the surplus, and the existence of a surplus makes exand the existence of a suspins mass ex-travagant expenditures inevitable; there-fore, reduce the surplus." This a con-fession of incapacity. A Democratic president and congress cannot help belong extravagant and wasteful, according to this view of the case, unless restrained by share improvements. sheer impocuniosity. Starve a Demo economical; otherwise, it will waste all the money in sight—that is the argument. There seems to be some foundation for this reasoning.—New York Tribune.

> Grover's Little Lamb Grover had a little hash, Just like the nursery most; With English shears he ellipped its woot. And called the lamb "Free Truste"

Said Grove, "Dun, we'll find some day. The lamb got into congress once.

And when the fall elections came

Said Grover, "Daniel, dear, We'll hear now from that little lamb Libink not, Day, don't you

And while the president still had

His little hand in mind, A something file a epolone strock Him very hard behind. Cried Grover, "Duniel, what was that?

They beamd a red bendams on-

And when they raised him up to ---His fleece robbed little lamb, He found that it had grown to be

The children asked at school "It was because," the teacher said,
"He robled it of its wool."

And not a could all the land For Grover then was and: Each is the simple story of The Lumb that Grover had. -T. C. Haricough in Ironton, O., Republican.

It Looks Like Incomistency.

Cleveland should drill his organs to keep tune with his message. In this document he said the manufacturers of document he said the manufacturers of America had had their own way leng enough, and they ought not feel unwill-ing now to have their receipts and profits cut down through the operation of the free trade principles he was proposing. Yet here are his organs, the The New York Commercial Advertises, contending that the practical effect of these same free trade crinciples would be to benefit our trade principles would be to benefit our manufacturers, increase their product, enlarge their trade and make them more wealthy than ever befored—Oblo State

An Ancient Reman Reministence The speeches delivered by Senator Thurman, on his trip to Port Huson, emphasize what has all along been known by his Columbus friends. The Old Boby his Columbus friends. The Old Ro-man is a reminiscence. His dissertations on the tariff are not what might be eron the tarm period of a politician of his character and reputation. They are deficient in nothing much as argument. People will not be bilinded on this question even if the chaff is thrown by Judge Thurman—Ohlo State Journal

They Realize That Defeat Is Certain The administration has but one recog-nized organ in New York, and the editor of that organ, it is said, has declared that of that organ, it is said, has declared that Connecticut and New Jersey are already lest to the Democracy, and that New York was more likely to go Republican than Democratic. The admission is made particularly damaging to the Democracy by the fact that it voices the fears of most of the leading men of the party.—

The Leading men of the party.—

St. Louis Globe Democrat. He Had Not Long to Walt.

Well, stre." eshall I denounce free trade in my

"I fear that the people will denounce you as an a-for a changeable executive of you do."

"Ah, me! I wish it were over!" ground